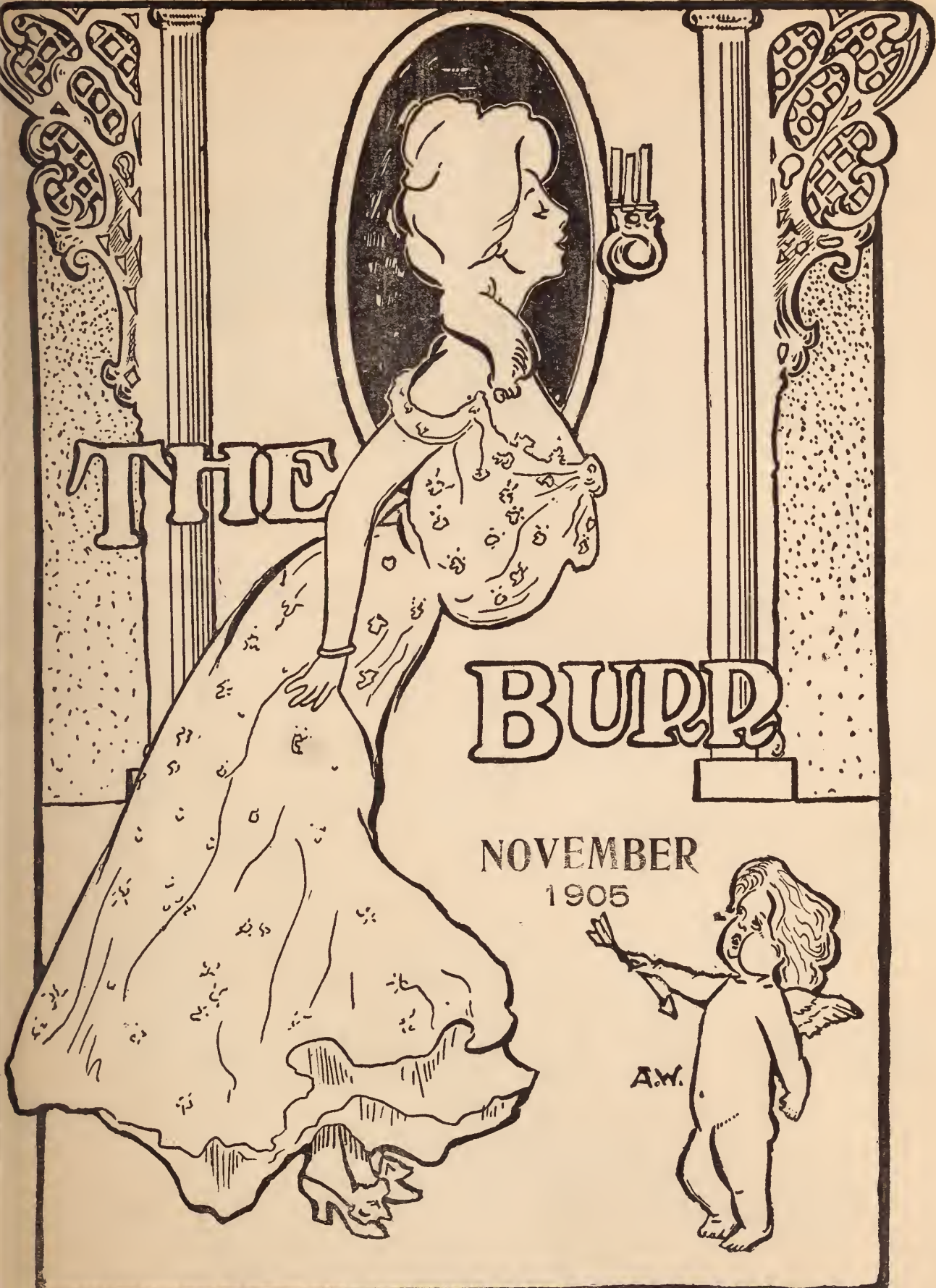


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NOVEMBER
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"A GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID."

—Kipling.



Volume II,

November 24, 1905.

Number 2.

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H. E. STEELE, '07, Business Manager.

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N. CUNNINGHAM, '08.

This issue was gotten out by the Managing Editor.

Published monthly during the college year by the students of Lehigh University.

Contributions must be in the hands of H. R. Lee, 431 Cherokee, South Bethlehem, Pa., not later than the tenth of the month for which they are intended.

All communications should be addressed to H. E. Steele, 471 Vine Street, South Bethlehem, Penna. Copy for change of advertisements must be in the hands of the business manager by the first of the month.

THE BURR is on sale at the principal news stands in Bethlehem.

Single copy, 15 cents. \$1.25 per year in advance.

Entered at Bethlehem Post-office as second-class matter, June 18, 1904.

Office of publication, 144 South Main Street.

Editorial.

THE Editor wants to have a heart-to-heart talk with his constituency about the latter part of their foot-ball season. It was our good fortune to have seen the Dickinson-Lehigh game, and we are pleased to refer to our notes of the day for some impressions which may appeal to our readers.

Judging by the actions of the Dickinson Team, Lehigh's style of play was a factor of much uncertainty to them. They continually shifted men to meet—well something dreadful,—they didn't know what. It was a rare treat to see our boys clip a corner from Dickinson's line of defense, and make a goodly gain thereby. This is a style of play well suited to our light team, and is worthy of the sharp, devising mind of our coach. One of the Dickinson team has put it well thus: "Doctor Newton is surely a foxy boy." So he is, and we confidently expect that this opinion of his work and methods will be borne out by the game of November 25.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

IN OUR opinion, the first half of the Dickinson game was equal in every respect to the first half of our last game with Lafayette. The Red and White started by lining up fast, so did Lehigh. The enemy made a great show of vigor, snap, dash, and confidence; Lehigh was not slow to do the same. Our team finished the first half playing strong, with the ball well into Dickinson's territory. In the second half, when Dickinson had carried the ball to Lehigh's 5-yard line by two magnificent runs, it took four rushes to carry the ball over for the first touchdown of the game. Lehigh made a beautiful stand on those last few yards, a defense that did credit to us all. There were some rattling good gains made by Lehigh backs, almost without interference, but it is not our place to refer to particular men of the team.



WHY have we recounted these fragmentary incidents of a game which turned out a defeat? Because some valuable lessons may be drawn therefrom. Our team played a strong game, and not once did it "lie down." It is playing a style of game which keeps our opponents in a stew of nervous apprehension. This appears to be one of our strongest points. In the face of the last defeat we dare to state, in all sincerity, that our team is fit to try conclusions with Lafayette, and that the result will far exceed the expectations of the bulk of the foot ball loving public. As Lehigh men, we shall continue to expect and hope for victory; but if the eagles do not see fit to perch upon our banner, let us remember that the team has played its best game, a clean, manly game, and that no Lehigh man need make excuses for the result, whatever it may be.



WHILE we are considering foot ball, it may be well to state that Dickinson's cheering was a revelation to the Lehigh adherents who attended the game. The leading was superb, and the yelling distinct and slowly enunciated. Our yells have been ruined in a foolish attempt to make them snappy. "Hoorah Ray" has degenerated into "uRay," as near as phonetics can characterize it. A college yell should never be "barked" but "roared" to produce the proper majestic effect of a volume of sound. Dickinson has about twice as many new songs as we, and sings them about twice as well. These are unpleasant facts. Let the cheering section (this means the students of Lehigh University, not half of them) and particularly the leaders, take note of the above comment, and our performance may be more creditable than it has been in the past.



DURING the past week the Editor of this paper has left the University each afternoon, making toward the office of publication. On the way he has been assailed many times with the insulting epithet of "shyster." Bold inquiry has been made in various unpleasant forms, such as "Ain't you goin' to cheerin' practice?" and, "Where's your college spirit?"

Our college spirit is in the right place, but we don't air it every fifteen minutes. We are perfectly willing to attend cheering practice when able, and believe we have followed the team to as many out-of-town games as any student in college.

And what of these noble accusers, in whose breast ostentatiously flames and scintillates the love of Alma Mater. In every case they have been the lazy, dawdling busybodies who have never done aught for Lehigh and probably never expect to. They are first cousins to

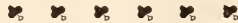
THE LEHIGH BURR.

those giant intellects which conceive the plan of carrying in the open hand an athletic ticket, from the New Street Gate to the Athletic Field, that all the world may wonder at their intense loyalty, and incidentally be impressed with the fact that they once had five dollars with which to buy the same.

We are tired of being questioned by meddlers as to whether we are going to cheering practice or not. It isn't any of their business. When we are seen "headed the wrong way" we are usually about some duty relating to college interests. We do not care for the acquaintance of that class of illogical and small-souled beings who jump at a conclusion, invariably ascribing the meanest motive for any unexplained act.

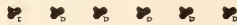
The sooner some Lehigh men stop criticizing and pull together, the sooner shall we have winning teams and a healthy college spirit. This paper has done its best to boom athletics this fall and will continue to do so.

We are not begging the indulgence of the objectionable people referred to, neither are we hurling a defiance at the student body. We are making an appeal for an improved Lehigh Spirit.



WE are pleased to state that we are the recipient of a handsome pistol, of the lean black variety, from appreciative friends in New England. Any one who is not pleased with the present issue is welcome to toddle around to our spacious offices and peer into the business end of the thing.

N. B.—For the benefit of all such, we are willing to print a few copies each month upon asbestos board, or leaves of gold, as the case may be.



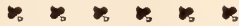
DICTION has always been a source of much fruitless argument among people interested in it. There is one rule which is usually safe. It never pays to misuse a word. For, once used in a new sense, it loses its former definiteness of meaning, and becomes useless. Why should we continue to call a "schedule of studies" a "roster," when everyone knows that roster is a military term, meaning a "list of MEN." If usage makes right in diction, military usage not Lehigh custom controls the use of this word. But this is not all. Having consumed "roster" in a false sense, we are constrained to apply to a real roster of students such awkward phrases as "college list," "class list," or "student list." There is no excuse for an institution as young and adaptable as Lehigh, to fall into a rut in so small a matter. There seems to be a tendency among the students to apply "any old name" to an article. For instance, we have heard a particular size of paper sought at the Supply Bureau under the names of "punched paper," "perforated paper," "Physics Lab. paper," "Lab. paper," "Physics report pad," "Physics Note-book fillers," etc. Lord Kelvin| referring to the English system of weights and measures, has said, "I look upon our English system as a wickedly brain-destroying piece of bondage under which we suffer. I say this seriously. I do not think anyone knows how seriously I speak of it." The same remark may well apply to the indefinite use of terms among Lehigh men. Incidentally, while we are about it, we wish that some one would settle the vexed question as to whether the summer term at the end of the Freshman Year is a Freshman Summer School, or a Sophomore Summer School. We should suggest that the schools open to those who have failed to pass various branches, be called DEFICIENCY SCHOOLS, to distinguish them from the required

THE LEHIGH BURR.

summer terms of the various courses. The Editor of this paper is neither suffering from gout, nor is he writing with vitriol, but he deems it the office of the paper to re-mold perverted public notions.



THE Board of THE BURR had hoped to receive a few drawings, submitted in competition for a cover for the paper. This body has offered, and still offers a prize of ten golden simoleons for the best design submitted. We are still waiting. Are the Lehigh merchant princes, coal operators, bloated bond-holders and captains of industry so busy clipping coupons that they have neither the time nor the inclination to earn this paltry sum. If so, let us make an appeal to the leisure-moneyed class to submit a few drawings from a sense of loyalty to the literary organ of the college.



WE wish to thank the Managing Editor and Business Manager for their successful and gratifying effort to publish the October BURR during our temporary indisposition.



WE are glad to announce the election of Mr. Samuel E. Doak, '06, and Mr. Thomson King, '07, to the Board of THE BURR.



N. B.—The result of the Ursinus Game does not alter our views as expressed in the first editorial of this issue.



THE following was received from a prominent and influential student. We wish more men would express their views and convictions in our paper.

To the Editor of "The Burr."

DEAR SIR:

With the approach of the Lafayette game considerable activity may be observed throughout the University. Our gridiron warriors are busily sharpening their knives and tomahawks and otherwise preparing for the fray. Upon the bleachers may be seen a part of the student body, putting their vocal chords and lungs through a course of training by means of various songs, the purport of which is the eulogizing of Lehigh and the consignment of Lafayette to a warmer place. Indeed many are hoarding their greenbacks so that they may back their opinions with something substantial upon the great day.

In view of the above it may not be amiss to remark upon the somewhat bitter feeling existing between the two rival institutions. This is not as it should be. A friendly rivalry is a necessary and a good thing, but a rivalry of hatred and bitter feeling is much to be deplored.

We therefore look upon the honoring of our esteemed President by Lafayette, as a long step toward establishing more cordial relations, which opinion is further strengthened by the formation of a club, composed of prominent seniors of each institution, for promoting better feeling; and by the arranging of joint meetings of our engineering societies with similar societies at Lafayette. Let the good work go on.

The Bibliophile.

It will be our pleasure upon December 3 to receive the first installment of a new story in the magazine of the Philadelphia Sunday Press, entitled "Sir Nigel," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The "White Company" by the same writer, which appeared some ten or fifteen years ago, dealt in a subordinate way with the peculiar and pleasing personality of this same Sir Nigel Loring. Those who have read the "White Company" will remember that the scene was laid in England, France, and Spain, in 1366-'67, the year of the Black Prince's ill-fated expedition into Navarre, a side issue of the Hundred Years' War. Sir Nigel was 46 at the time. In the welcome new novel we are promised a glimpse of the punctilious little knight at the age of 22. As this brings the story to the year 1342, we may venture to expect that the battle of Crecy (1346) and the siege of Calais (1347) will serve as the heroic portion of the setting for this jewel of Sir Arthur's imagination.

Although there is scarcely a proper ground of comparison between the best of the Sherlock Holmes stories and the "White Company," it is our opinion that the latter is the best production of Sir Arthur's rising genius, and if reports be correct, the author has expressed the hope that "Sir Nigel" will be an improvement upon the "White Company." It is our wish that these two books may live in English Literature, the embodiment, in superb fiction, of the view of the Anglo-Saxon past, as taken by the most widely-read authority upon manners and customs of mediaeval England.

While we do not care to follow in the footsteps of those gushing eulogists of Sir Arthur Doyle and his work, in characterizing the "White Company" as the English "prose

epic," we believe that these two books should be read by all those who love the literature and customs of Old England, and who believe in the glorious future of the Anglo-Saxon race. For our part, we shall reserve a part of each Sunday to follow "Sir Nigel" as he trots his destrier adown the cool, green forest glades, or leads a rush with his debonair men-at-arms amid the buzz of the English bow-strings.

* * * *

The Bibliophile is glad to see in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, the first chapters of a fresh sparkling story by that versatile and imaginative genius, Mr. Herbert G. Wells. This boldly speculative writer is peculiarly fitted to construct entertaining and brilliant word pictures of human affairs as they might be. Mr. Wells is a student of biology and allied sciences of no mean note, having studied for years with Huxley, the eminent champion of the most advanced views upon biological evolution. The writer carefully avoids the pitfalls of the purely imaginative tyro, who cannot imagine a dozen pages without making some gross scientific blunder. It is the quiet assurance that the writer is stating the most plausible supposition concerning possible world-changes, which sustains the interest and respect of the learned and scientific reader.

We do not believe that Mr. Herbert G. Wells is a "worthy successor of the great Verne." His work is of a character which places it, scientifically, in a much higher order of imagination than that of the gifted Frenchman. The navigation of the deep-sea realm and of space were by no means first thought of by Jules Verne, while Mr. Wells has produced new and perfectly plausible ideas upon influences which may change our whole conception of the dimensions of time and space,

THE LEHIGH BURR.

social relation, food supply, and many other human relations which can only be handled in an adequate manner by one who combines the imagination of a Virgil with the training of the skilled biologist.

It is much easier to enter a good job from a poor job, than from no job at all.

The best knockers rarely possess skill in manipulation of their knuckles. Knocking

originates in a cranial void and dies as a hollow sound.

Don't worry about your looks. Earthly things are largely comparative. It takes nineteen homely men to make the twentieth appear handsome; thus, comparatively speaking, a handsome man owes his looks to his homely brethren.



INFLUENCE.

There is never a ray from the sun in the sky
That is lost in its effort in beauty to shine.
If it bless not the world with a worth from on high
It illumines some cloud with a glory divine.

There is never a drop from the cloud in the sky
That is fallen and gone on its course to the sea.
Without bringing a rescue where earthdom is dry.
Or preparing some blessing for you or for me.

Though these gifts have been sent by the goodness of God.
They give reason to think that our words and our deeds
Bea. even our thoughts have an influence broad.
Like the drop or the ray that from heaven proceeds.



Necessity the Mother of Invention.

Varied and wonderful were the designs of voting machines submitted by the brainy senior Mechanicals. One staunch Republican of Altoona is reported to have designed a machine whereby a voter can cast ballots without end, provided he is operating the "Gang" lever, in which case a dollar will roll out for each vote. Bribery is awful, but if it must be, let us have it in some such attractive form. Another machine is said to contain a camera

making an automatic exposure of the voter, thus securing evidence against repeaters. We are so glad that the appliance was not on the machine which we "worked" on November 7, over in muddy Jersey. Another device calls for mention. If a voter becomes confused and tries to vote for two candidates at once, the obliging machine will hand out a schooner of beer, with the sign, vote for Mc. Roosevelt. We think the last machine the best of them all.

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Philadelphia Press, Sunday, Nov. 29, 1946.
LEHIGH HOLDS THE FEM. SEM TO
A 6-6 TIE!

CAPTAIN MAMIE HOGAN MAKES A SENSATIONAL
TOUCHDOWN!—ROW IN FEM. SEM.
GIVES LEHIGH ITS TOUCHDOWN.

(Special to the Press.)

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, Nov. 28.—Lehigh and Moravian Female Seminary fought a bitter 6-6 tie to-day on Lehigh Field. Never since the annual foot ball contests were started in '26, has such fury and aggressiveness been shown or such sensational plays performed.

To the Fem. Sems. rightfully belongs the victory, if superiority at all stages of the game counts for anything. They played a dashing game. Led by their stalwart left tackle and captain, Miss Mamie Hogan, the wearers of the purple and gold pounded Lehigh's line

the iron defense which has won for them their long season of victories.

Abl'y was she seconded by her ten warriors. Never were such brawny bits of femininity shown on the gridiron; and the way they tumbled Lehigh's husky sons about was a revelation that made the Women's Rights movement sit up and take notice.

It was on offense, however, that Fem. Sem. shone. Their attack was a wonder. The star play consisted of the "bias tandem," the offspring of the fertile brain of Miss Amanda Cow, center on Penn's famous '37 eleven. In it, the line was slanted at an angle of 60°, the backs parallel to the center. At the signal, the entire eleven whirled like a cyclone about the runner, formed a wedge and struck Lehigh's line like an avalanche. About all Lehigh could do was to butt in.

Had the Fem. Sems. continued in harmony it would have been all over but the shouting. Between halves, however, a scrap arose over precedence at the single looking-glass in the dressing-room and a regular riot followed. There were scores to settle when the team came on the field and in the scrimmages the Fem. Sem. players proceeded to mix up with each other, Lehigh easily scoring by it. Captain Hogan then sailed into the crowd and by a good thumping all around, knocked her team into shape to save the day.

Outside of this trouble, the Fem. Sems. had lots of individual work to redeem themselves. Miss Shuster ran her team well and her dainty foot out-punted the best. Miss McAvoy plunged well into the line when she wasn't occupied in fixing her hair. Misses Shevlin and Weede showed well at ends and Miss Pie-karski was a strong factor in defense.

Lehigh fumbled miserably and a general attack of politeness ruined the team play, which was the talk of the season.

There were no especial stars. Rockman, Oak and Captain Furman put up the best game.



CAPTAIN MAMIE HOGAN, FEM. SEM.

until it reeled. Time after time, the gallant leader hurdled for gains, smashed all plays directed at her and welded her amazons into

THE LEHIGH BURN.

Considerable time was taken out for penalties and primping.

The game began at 2.30. The stands were filled with the beauty and chivalry of the "Burg," framing the gridiron in a varied and exclusive border. The Fem. Sems. held the north side of the field 10,000 strong. Purple and gold were the prevailing colors and some nifty creations in dresses and hats were noticed. (See fashion sheet.) The college band of fifty striking blondes, in purple uniforms, made a big sensation. Miss William Watsister led the cheering, which completely drowned out the 20,000 Lehigh students opposite.

Both teams were greeted vociferously. Lehigh led off with an airship yell which was met, as the Fem. Sem. team trotted out, by

"Wah, hoo, wah! Wah, hoo, wah!

Fem. Sem.! Fem. Sem.! Fem. Sem.!"

A cannonading of cheering followed.

Captain Hogan won the toss and elected to receive the kick-off. A short delay ensued while the Fem. Sems. put the finishing touches to their costumes. This important rite finished, Captain Hogan called "Ready!"

Gett sent a high ball to Miss Cooney, who made fifteen yards. A short series of gains followed, Misses Hogan and Eckersall completely stampeding Lehigh's left flank. Lehigh held and Miss Shuster punted to the 25-yard line, Von Beanen being downed in his tracks by Miss Weede's beautiful tackle.

The first test of Lehigh's strength was left to Wolcott, who made one yard. Miss Cooney smashed the next attempt by a flying tackle and Furman was forced to punt.

Miss Shuster caught the ball on the wing, gave Gett a jab under the jaw, hurdled Attorney, but was easily tackled by Rocker. Time was called till the team finished calling her names.

The ball was now on the Fem. Sem.'s 30-yard line. At this place the "bias tandem"

was put into action. It worked like a patent yeast cake. Screaming like a cyclone, the bunch sailed into Rauss for ten yards. Gains were made like breathing. Miss McAvoy jiu-jitsued the line. Misses Hurley and Eckersall twisted the ends till they were dizzy. Lehigh became so tangled it looked cross-eyed.

At the 25-yard line off-side was called on Miss Glass for holding hands with Rauss.



Miss Shuster essayed a quarter-back run and flunked. Then Captain Hogan rose in her might. Grabbing the ball, she plowed into Lehigh's center. Players flew in all directions. Attorney and Rocker fainted. Von Beanen tackled and was hurled twenty feet away. Oak tried to save the day, and received a kick in the solar plexus and, with seven players clinging to her, Miss Hogan triumphantly planted the ball over the goal line.

The Fem. Sem. stands rose as one woman and hilarious shouting prevailed for at least five minutes.

When Lehigh pulled its shattered forces together play proceeded. Miss McAvoy received the kick-off and made fifteen yards. On the next signal, Miss Shevlin, stooping to secure her side-comb from the ground, fumbled the ball, Furman falling on it.

On the next play, the Fem. Sem.'s were

THE LEHIGH BURR.

again penalized, Miss Weed having called Furman "a sassy thing." Lehigh got down to work and succeeded in getting to the Fem. Sem.'s 30-yard line. Lehigh decided to try a field goal. Didd made a bad pass and Miss Glass broke through, dropping on the ball. Foul was claimed by Rockman, however, on Miss Piekarski for sticking him with a concealed hat pin. The Fem. Sem.'s were penalized fifteen yards and the offender removed

From personalities the ladies descended to hair-pulling, the officials being required to separate Misses Cooney and Shevlin several times; and the advance went merrily on.

With the ball on their 30-yard line, Captain Hogan woke to her danger. On the next play, Oak sprinted round left end. Captain Hogan tried to tackle him, tripped over Misses Weede and Shuster, who were having it out, and disappeared beneath the mob.



in tears to the side lines. Miss Ernst took her place.

The half ended soon after with the ball at the center of the field.

The awful row over the mirror occurred at this point. The eleven and subs. took sides and were persuaded with difficulty to return and finish the game. As it was, none of the team were on speaking terms.

Miss Shuster punted to Oak, who made ten yards. Attorney tried the left side of the line. Misses Weede and Eckersall were busy arguing, and twenty yards were made. Lehigh opened a series of plays on the disordered ranks. The ball moved steadily down the field.

No one was between the runner and victory, but Miss McAvoy. Viciously she made for him, when her headgear slipped to one side; unable to resist, she straightened her hat, while Oak crossed the line for Lehigh's first touchdown. Six men had to hold his fair opponent back from slugging him.

Captain Hogan promptly reduced her team to tears by a general shaking, and told them to get together.

Play was resumed. Miss Shuster lofted a spiral to Rucker. He fumbled the ball and Miss Weede was on it like a flash. The ball was five yards from Lehigh's goal. As the

THE LEHIGH BURR.

ball was about to go to Miss Hogan for the winning plunge, time was called.

The Fem. Sems. made in a body for the time-keepers, who fled for their lives; where-upon, with haughty air, the Fem. Sem. eleven retired making faces at the Lehigh players.

The usual rush between the colleges followed.

Line-up:

FEM SEM		LEHIGH
Miss Dora Shevlin	R E	Gett
" Elizabeth Cooney	R T	Wolcott
" Hattie Glass	R G	Rockman
" Clara Holt	C	Didd
" Flora Piekarski }	L G	Rauss
" Jennie Ernst }		
" Mamie Hogan (Capt.)	L T	Jackston
" Bessie Weede	L E	Furman (Capt.)
" Mabel Shuster	Q	Oak
" Ella Hurley	R H	Attorney
" Carrie Eckersall	L H	Rocker
" Patty McAvoy	F B	Van Beanen

Touchdowns—Miss Hogan, Oak. Goals from touchdowns — Miss Shuster, Gett. Referee—Maloney, U. P. Umpire—Miss Grind, Vassar. Time of halves—35 minutes.

FRUIT.

A blossom hung upon a tree,
And danced in youthful gayety.
With fluttering petals tinted bright
And sportive gestures in the light.
But soon there came another day;
With beauty faded quite away
And petals dropping one by one,
She hung exposed to burning sun.
She danced in joyous glee no more,
Her gifted use in life seemed o'er.
In quiet resignation still
She waited there for Nature's will.
A weight grew in her heart, minute,
A burden, then a care—'twas fruit.
She wakened to a deeper sense
Of use and gifted life intense.

QUERY.—Why not make enthusiasm a part of the roster at a technical school?

Did you ever have a colored cook?

Oh, yes; our last was green.

Why isn't Sportlums on the junior roll?

Because he is so often on a bun.

CHEMIST—Yes! You see I add ammonium carbonate to lead acetate, and secure a precipitate of basic lead carbonate.

MECHANICAL—Indeed! Now, if you should precipitate with shoe-pegs, would you get lead pencils?

It isn't so hard to do a piece of work, as to convince yourself that you must do it now.



"How did you feel when the cop fired his revolver at you?

"As if things were coming my way."

IN SOPHOMORE MACHINE DESIGN.

First Student.—Confound it! One instructor told me to draw a bigger wheel with a little one fitting into it, and now I've finished the plate another instructor comes around and says the little gear-wheel oughtn't to be in at all. What the devil's the matter with this department, anyway?

Second Student—Don't know. It must be a difference of a pinion.

THE LEHIGH BURR.



*“Is it strange when Lehigh starts playing
Lafayette should be filled with fears;
As the Team goes plunging onward,
And the stands ring out with cheers?”*

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